The Prologue.

CHORUS.

Two houſholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge breake to new mutiny,
Where civill blood makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loines of theſe two foes
A paire of ſtarre-croſt lovers take their life,
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrowes
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearefull paſſage of their death-markt love,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two houres trafficke of our Stage;
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtrive to mend.

THE MOST EXC
LENT AND LAMENTAB
Hiſtorie of ROMEO and JULIET.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie *with Swords and Buc*
of the Houſe of Capulet.

Samp. Gregorie, on my word wee'll n
coales.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliers

Samp. I meane, and we be in choler wee'l

Greg. I, while you live draw your necke o
collar.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to ſtrike.

Samp. A dogge of the houſe of *Mountague* moves m

Greg. To move is to ſtirre, and to be valiant is to ſta
Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'ſt away.

Samp. A dogge of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand.
I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountague*

Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlave, for the weak
to the wall.

Samp. 'Tis true, and therefore women being the wea
ſels are ever thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *A*
gues men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wa

Greg. The quarrell is between our Maſters and us th

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a Tyrant, whe
fought with the men I will be cruell with the maids, I wil
their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids!